

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
March 1933 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*

George
Carleoh





Spring

THOMAS NASHE

Decoration by Eleanor Klemm

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do
sing—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses
gay
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry
lay—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

The Classroom Index

Citizenship:

The appealing story "Hideyo Noguchi" tells of a hero who mastered his physical handicap and contributed brilliant service to mankind. It gives point again to such educational adventures as that of the Bakule School for Cripples, which received its early impetus from the National Children's Fund. A letter from the Sunshine School of San Francisco, quoted in "Busy Days for Juniors" evidences further the power of the service motive in lives of handicapped children.

"Juniors Take Their Part" carries forward the account of partnership by Junior members in the relief operations of the Red Cross.

English:

"A Famous Hare" suggests original stories on the theme "Things discovered in woods and meadows by keeping quiet and looking hard"—a timely subject for illustrated letters in spring correspondence albums.

Geography:

Albania—"Juniors in Other Countries" includes a letter from the Albanian Vocational School. Their tree planting job, says the writer, sounds like a "loaf-er's tale." Do your boys agree?

Austria—See book review on new education below.

Canada—"Juniors in Other Countries," "Lost Reindeer Are Found" (editorial), "Down North in Labrador"

China—"Crooked Ears and the Camel," "The CALENDAR Story" (editorial)

Germany—"Sperli the Clockmaker" ("Something to Read") and the book review below

Japan—"Hideyo Noguchi"

New Zealand—"Juniors in Other Countries"

Sweden—"Children of the Soil" ("Something to Read")

United States—"These United States" ("Something to Read")

History:

"The Story of Money" has a keen interest today because of the extent to which barter has again become a custom. Many colleges have bartered tuition for foodstuffs. One town in the State of Washington "coined" its own wooden money after the bank closed and used it as a medium of local exchange until the bank opened. *The New York Times* for Sunday, January 22, carried a feature article on contemporary resort to barter.

"These United States" ("Something to Read")

Nature Study:

"The Silk Funnel," "Lost Reindeer are Found" (editorial), poems. "A Famous Hare" may be used to begin study of protective coloring.

Primary Grades:

"March," "Crooked Ears and the Camel," "A Famous Hare," "The Clown." Young members can not complain of slight, this month.

You Are Invited

The Chicago Junior Red Cross, 616 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, will keep open house during the "Century of Progress" exposition, June 1 to November 1. Members of the Council will answer letters requesting information as to hotels and will constitute a reception committee to assist teachers or Junior Red Cross members visiting the exposition.

New Education in Other Countries

EDUCATION FOR A NEW ERA. A. Gordon Melvin. John Day Pamphlets, No. 21. 1933. 25 cents. NEW SCHOOLS IN THE OLD WORLD, Washburne and Stearns. Fourth printing, 1930. \$1.75. THE NEW EDUCATION IN AUSTRIA, by Dottrens and Dengler. 1930. \$3.00. THE NEW EDUCATION IN THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, by Alexander and Parker, 1929. \$4.00. John Day Company, New York City.

Ringling like a spoken word, this "call to leadership" challenges teachers to fearless, balanced thought. The present order has passed while men blink after it. Education becomes the only rational means of restating democracy in terms of our new era, and it must include all ages, for "as the Red Queen said to Alice, 'Here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place.'"

The primary need right now is "that men should be fed. We must realize the humble teaching of Pestalozzi, that we should not feed a man because he is deserving but because he is hungry." The work of immediate relief thus becomes basic to the development of the new period. As further solutions are approached, work for all must increasingly become creative and a more wisely distributed leisure must be used in socially constructive thinking and creation. The ultimate objective sought is summarized in the statement: "We need an other-minded democracy. Too often American democracy has meant, 'I'm as good as you are.' We need a democracy which says, 'You're as good as I am.'"

Reading and rereading Washburne's exploration of progressive education in Europe is better than drinking sassafras tea in the spring. A third of the book tells about new trends in English schools. Beginning gently with conservative Oundle, the account coasts gradually uphill to riotous freedom of Hamburg community schools in their early days (the book was first published in 1927) and triumphant independence of cripples in the Bakule school. In each

(Continued on page 2)

Developing Calendar Activities for March

A Classroom Index of Activities

Art:

St. Patrick's Day favors for hospitalized veterans, Easter cards for veterans to send home, illustrations for school correspondence

Citizenship:

Reporting the opportunities for spring work to Relief Committees, school correspondence letters on presidential inauguration.

English:

Selection of "really funny Irish jokes" for menu covers, letters for school correspondence albums, class diary of flowers and birds

Because poems cannot be translated without losing much, albums made up mostly of poems either original or quoted should be prepared for only English speaking countries or for intersectional correspondence. Whenever a quoted poem is included the name of the author and the book or magazine from which it is taken should be given. For instance, last summer an album included a poem about a cookie jar which had appeared a number of months before in a popular magazine. The name of the author and the source were omitted and the school receiving the album might easily have concluded that it was intended as an original poem.

Home Economics:

Easter eggs for children, veterans or old people

Manual Training:

Sand-boxes, a bunny house, birds' houses, bird baths and feeding trees, lawn furniture

Music:

Easter concert

Nature:

Studying and making proper houses and other equipment for the care of birds and bunnies, miniature gardens, Easter flowers, nature letters for school correspondence

Protection of Birds

Material about birds and their protection may be obtained from the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1775 Broadway, New York City.

New Education in Other Countries

(Continued from page 1)

school, the visitors discerned a significant contribution: in England, development of independence in the mastery of traditional subject matter at Streatham Hill where the Dalton, Massachusetts, plan was developed, all around growth of the individual at the Bedales coeducational boarding school, and self-education by little children in large classes through ingenious materials at the Marlborough Infants' School; in Belgium, cooperation built into living, and development of normal and gifted children, worked out by Decroly as a result of his successful experience with

retarded children in Holland, international goodwill learned by association with teachers in the Humanitarian School; in France, under the inspection of Cousinet, adaptation of a hampering centralized control to meet the living needs of children; in Czechoslovakia, the beauty of living found and expressed by crippled children in Bakule's school. These and other accounts may all be termed high points. For me, one of the highest was the achievement of O'Neill among mill workers' children in Kearsley, England. The other was the story of twenty orphan babies in the Legionnaires Orphanage at Krnsko, Czechoslovakia, who insisted that a Christmas Eve visitor (the author's wife) should kiss and tuck them all into bed.

The other three volumes deal with state education. Austria, its population cut to less than one-eighth of what it had been, its government reversed from a monarchy to a republic, its women given suffrage, had to reorganize its schools fundamentally. The old autocratic division that set the ten-year-old child for life in a mold chosen by his parents was supplanted by a planned education for intelligent self-government. In Vienna pre-school education begins when necessary with pre-natal care of the mother. From six to ten years, pupils are led through an activity curriculum into joyous natural growth and adaptation to their environment. From ten to fourteen years their schooling is based on much the same underlying theory as in our own briefer junior high school period. From fourteen years, education becomes more specialized and boys and girls who enter industry must also attend continuation schools where they have the advantage of excellent teachers and the finest equipment.

The application of the three unifying principles in the Austrian system is made clear by generous examples in all common, school subjects so that you can compare the experiences of teachers in Austria today with your own. The "unit" is seen emerging, orderly, but not artificially limited by an electric bell or a syllabus that imposes so many minutes to teaching fractions.

German young people, from primary tots to university students and young workers, have taken to the woods and roads, to exchanges of visits between cities, to simple living and high thinking. Bodies emaciated by war are being renewed and spirits impoverished by autocratic rule, humanized. Little by little the freedom of these outdoor hours or days is having its influence even on conservative classrooms. Several chapters in Alexander and Parker's volume supplement Washburne's description of the community schools, now in a less chaotic stage than when he saw them. Educational reform in Germany has attempted to build the new democratic structure on old foundations of culture and scholarship. Some of the reform movements were under way before the war. Those that have come since have dug below the generation of militarized schools for roots of freer growth in old Germany.

Taken together these volumes show new education throughout the world differing inevitably because of variant backgrounds but containing harmony of motive: the desire to educate boys and girls for a better era. In spite of transitory variations and revisions, similarities significant for future world accord are emerging.

Junior Red Cross Service for the Blind

Children Who Received Brailled Christmas Cards

MORE than ten thousand Christmas cards were this year sent as greetings to the blind by members of the Junior Red Cross, who made artistic covers and envelopes for greetings that were Brailled by Mrs. Watson. This is the second big national project in behalf of blind children that the Junior Red Cross has carried through, in collaboration with the Volunteer Service of the Red Cross. The pleasure which the cards gave to children who received them has been expressed in letters received by Junior Red Cross groups and by Mrs. Watson. Only a few of these can be quoted as illustrations.

Superintendent William L. Walker, of the South Carolina School for the Deaf and Blind, wrote the Syracuse, New York, Junior Red Cross: "The children were all greatly pleased to have these cards and asked that I write to thank you for them and for your thoughtfulness in sending them. You can be sure that they brought a great deal of pleasure and joy."

Superintendent C. A. Hamilton, of the New York State School for the Blind, wrote the Syracuse Juniors: "Although it is a little early, I have been distributing the cards as our pupils go home in a few days. They appreciate being remembered very much and the individuals get lots of pleasure out of examining the cards and comparing them."

Superintendent Oliphant, of the Georgia Academy for the Blind, wrote Syracuse: "I beg to acknowledge receipt of the beautiful Christmas cards for our pupils. They were distributed as requested and were greatly appreciated by the children."

Mrs. Watson received letters from schools in many places. The School for the Blind in the State of Washington wrote her: "I understand that you printed the Braille for the lovely greeting cards which we received from the Pasadena, California, Junior Red Cross. Thank you so much for your share in making the cards."

Perkins Institute of Massachusetts wrote Mrs. Watson: "The Christmas cards which your Chapter made our boys and girls at Perkins were very lovely. The designs were so pretty and the cards were very well done. The children were much pleased with them. It was indeed a sweet thought to send out this year and we thank you for it. Each child received several for himself so there were plenty to go around."

St. Mary's Institute of Pennsylvania wrote: "It was a great surprise to us; moreover it was the first time we discovered that Christmas cards could be Brailled. They certainly were appreciated by all the girls and boys at St. Mary's."

The Arthur Sunshine Home and Kindergarten for Blind Babies, New Jersey, wrote: "We have never received anything like them before and must say that they have been greatly admired. We have 40 little children in the home, all in good health and awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus."

A sight conservation class of Newark, New Jersey, wrote: "We have received some Christmas cards embossed, they say, by you and fitted to decorated covers by the pupils of the Bloomfield schools. The cards will be distributed when we have our school Christmas party. I wish to thank you for your share in this surprise."

The Juniors Who Covered the Cards

The members of the Junior Red Cross who made the covers for the Christmas cards had at least as much fun in their work as the youngsters who received the greetings. Public School No. 188, Manhattan, sent a letter with their cards partially describing the cover designs they had made:

"Here is a box of happiness that we hope you will distribute to our new friends. What a jolly time we had in making those frisky kittens and puppies!"

A teacher in a rural school, Meda E. Mertz, Slattington, Pennsylvania, wrote: "The boys and girls have enjoyed doing this work. It helped them in understanding Braille material. They are very proud to be able to do something for others."

Local Service for the Blind

Syracuse, New York, always alert to new opportunities, not only made covers for children in three schools for the blind but also covered enough cards to send as greetings to the adult blind in their own city. Another type of community service was reported by the Olympia High School of Columbia, South Carolina:

"Each year, usually at Thanksgiving season, Olympia High School shows in some way its remembrance of the blind. This year the work was conducted by our Junior Red Cross organization. Food was contributed by various classes and taken to our local home for the blind by officers of our Red Cross and selected representatives. . . . The visitors had a jolly time. We were shown through the institution. Probably the most interesting part of our visit was seeing the library written in Braille, the writing which the blind read with their fingers."

Service Programs in Schools for the Blind

Mention has been made before of exchanges of international correspondence going on among several schools for the blind. The Virginia State School for the Blind has carried on an active Junior Red Cross program for a number of years. The principal, Mrs. Genevieve Coville, last year sent a report covering some of their programs. The school regularly enrolls in Junior Red Cross on each Armistice Day. The youngsters earn the money for their own membership, usually five cents each, raising a total amount of \$60.00 to \$65.00. They divide their enrollment subscriptions between the JOURNAL and the NEWS.

"This material," Mrs. Coville said, "is used in many ways to increase interest in the immediate work of the Junior Red Cross and also as informational material in the classroom. We find correspondence with other schools both stimulating and beneficial. Our children are happy and cheerful about their work and always ready to aid those less fortunate."

Some of the Junior Red Cross services undertaken every year are the regular feeding of birds and squirrels during the stormy periods, killing of mice and rats, reading Braille to younger children, learning new games, writing letters to sick schoolmates, providing treats for the sick and visiting them, making duplicate school correspondence albums to be kept in the school, learning Junior Red Cross songs, and carrying on other welfare activities.

Fitness for Service for March

Some Useful References

THE point of emphasis for the March Fitness for Service Activities is posture. The best single pamphlet is that prepared for the Children's Bureau by Klein and Thomas, *Posture and Physical Fitness*, No. 205. It may be obtained from the Government Printing Office in Washington for 10c. Also from the Government Printing Office a set of posture posters may be obtained, 50c for six, or 25c for the set of three boy's posters and 25c for the set of three girl's posters.

The February issue of *Child Welfare* carries an article entitled "The Public Health Nurse and the Parent-Teacher Association," illustrated by silhouettes showing proper and improper posture.

A bulletin on family food problems is one prepared jointly by the Children's Bureau and the Bureau of Home Economics, entitled "Family Food Budgets for the use of Relief Agencies." This leaflet will be sent free on application to the Nutrition Service of the American Red Cross. Address your Branch or Headquarters Office.

Pupil Posture and School Seating

The important relation between proper posture and free activity of growing children was developed wittily in an article under the title of this section by George F. Miller and published in the September 17, 1932, issue of *School and Society*. Portions of the article are reprinted here by permission of the editor.

"The prevailing theory is that there is one correct way for pupils to sit at their desks. This accepted form is demonstrated when the teacher says, 'Position.' The pupils put both feet flat on the floor, move their 'seats back in the seats,' and press their backs against the back support.

"Uniformity is the corner-stone of the conventional school system. Every pupil is assigned the same text-books, the same words to spell, the same facts in geography. In learning to write, all pupils are required to hold the pens the same way. The buildings and equipment are standardized. The application of the same uniformity to classroom posture is to be expected. But now, as a result of the psychology of individual difference, with changes taking place in the traditional curriculum, methods and equipment, criticism of requirements as to 'pupil posture' is also to be expected.

"Conclusions reached through observation and reflection do not support the conventional views on pupil posture. Except for occasional short periods when the teacher says, 'Position,' diversity takes the place of uniformity for the rest of the day. A pupil sits on one foot and dangles the other; puts his knees against the shelf of his desk and dangles both feet; braces his feet against the legs of the desk and pushes himself against the back of his seat. These and many other random movements are not ordinarily noticed by the teacher. One favorite attitude of boys, however, seems to express such indifference and perfect laziness that it seldom escapes reprimand. It might be called the complete slouch. The body slides forward until the lower end of the spine rests on the front edge of the seat and the neck on the top of the back support. The spine between the two

points of contact is entirely unsupported. If the slouch were half as dangerous as reputed, most men of this generation would have curvature of the spine.

"There is an endless variety of ways in which individuals sit at their desks; and they shift every few minutes from one position to another. A child will not sit on one foot and dangle the other a solid day in a stretch. After a few minutes he tires and shifts to another position just as unorthodox; and he keeps changing from one to another the whole day.

"Evidently a law of nature conflicts with the rule of the school. Nature says variety, the school says uniformity. Effective tests of the school standard can readily be made. Compel a child to sit in the one and only correct position continuously all the hours of the school day. The experimenter will need a cruel streak because he will have to watch the victim closely and exercise authority. At the close of the day or sooner the child will probably be fatigued. Or a simpler test is for an adult to try the same experiment on himself.

"It is a crime (advertisements tell us) to cramp and deform the tender bodies of pupils with ordinary seats. Nothing but the new 'Adjustorites' will save them. So we buy desks with cogs, slots and tension bolts. Every pupil has a seat adjusted to his measurements. But in a few months seats are outgrown, pupils come and go and are shifted by the teacher for various reasons from seat to seat. The bolts come loose and the desks get out of kilter. The janitor can't find the wrench. Soon all get used to using the seats as they find them, and never think of the adjustments. By another year or two we hear that the children can be adequately protected only with the 'Bottomfit' seats, which are hollowed out like molds into which the anatomies of the pupils fit perfectly. Fast on the heels of the 'Bottomfits' comes the news that flat desk tops parallel with the floor will cause round shoulders and consumption. Only the new-fangled 'Angletop' contraptions will prevent the threatened disaster. If we inquire why pioneer generations survived and grew strong and straight on the split logs, we are told that it was because their school days were brief. But we know that the generations put through school on the box seats, which followed the split logs, grew up with excellent bodies, in spite of an increase in the time spent in school. In a similar way later generations survived the 'Adjustorites,' 'Bottomfits,' and 'Angletops.'

"For years we taught the correct position of the body for sleep. One must not lie on the left side or with knees bent or arms above the head or on the back. We taught children that they should lie motionless the eight, ten or twelve hours, prescribed for their ages, in the one and only correct position described and illustrated by the text-book. Research at the Mellon Institute in recent years has shown that sleepers normally lie in all the forbidden positions and frequently shift from one position to another.

"Let us be more sensible about seating and posture. Let us also help to develop the rapidly growing, modern activity and project schools, which dispense with sitting through the school day in rows of regular school seats."

Crooked Ears and the Camel

ELIZABETH FOREMAN LEWIS

Illustrations by Kurt Wiese

CROOKED EARS, standing in the courtyard of Li, the donkey-man, sniffed, twitched about and peered through the gateway. Down the road padded a long caravan of camels making no sound as they approached, but stirring up clouds of dust. In the cool of night they had traveled the last stretch of the long journey from the Gobi Desert to the great city of Peiping. It was now bright morning, and they would soon halt for rest through the day's heat. Crooked Ears, usually quiet and docile, sniffed again as he watched them. Then, unable to control his annoyance at the sight, he brayed at the top of his voice.

He had never liked camels. Great, ugly beasts they were, with necks like those of picked geese and backs whose humps reminded him of the Western Hills outside the city. He could think of nothing else quite so funny. A good many times his fat, gray sides had shaken with laughter at the thought of them, but this had always happened when he was at a safe distance from them. For camels, though amusing to look at, were anything but that by nature. Instead, they were surly and disagreeable, demanding the right of way on every road and showing their displeasure in no uncertain terms when balked.

In the courtyard, Crooked Ears had a name for good behavior. So good was it that Li, the donkey-man, even permitted his twelve-year-old son, Small Li, to take him on trips. But something in the donkey roused to anger at the sight of camels and made him want to fight. He could remember times in his life when he had refused to step aside promptly when camels filled

the road, but in each case a long, prickly jaw reaching toward him had made him change his mind. In moments of wisdom he kept to his own side of the road, but he longed none the less to use his small, rough-shod heels on one of them. Perhaps he would still find an opportunity to do so. He waited until the last had disappeared at a turn of the path, then finished eating his portion of sweet grass.

At noon Small Li came out to him. Crooked Ears lifted great velvety eyes to his young master's face, and rubbed his nose against the boy's collar. He liked Small Li and he hoped the day would come when the boy would have entire charge of him.

"Today," said the donkey-boy as he tightened a stirrup, "we call for a foreigner in the Hat-A-Men, who wishes a ride to the country."

He swung a leg over the donkey's back and they started. Jogging along through Peiping's busy streets, they stepped aside for *ma-fu* (drivers of carriages) who beat steadily their small, wild ponies as they raced through the city. Load-carriers chanted shrilly under swaying burdens; a gorgeous, red-lacquered wedding chair, followed by many coolies bearing gifts, moved slowly past. At a corner, ricksha coolies with their two-wheeled vehicles waited for passengers. One called gaily to Small Li: "Where do you go, Donkey-Boy? Sit down and rest that lazy animal of yours!"

Small Li grinned, but Crooked Ears twitched one ear to an upright position; the other remained flat. In his infancy this action had given him his name.





In moments of wisdom he kept his own side of the road

His young master chuckled: "So you do not like to be called lazy!"

They soon reached the gateway to the foreign house.

"The donkey has arrived! The donkey has arrived!" shouted Small Li to the gateman.

A tall foreigner came out, and Small Li led the donkey to him.

"Long of leg and heavy," thought Crooked Ears.

"Much too small for me," thought the foreigner. He smiled at the boy: "Is this the largest donkey in thy father's shop?"

Small Li bowed. "Not the largest, but the best! He is strong, even though small, and will carry the gentleman safely."

The man looked at the little donkey doubtfully. He had not time to wait for another donkey, so he would try this one. He threw himself on its back.

Small Li ran a few paces ahead, beating a way through the traffic. Crooked Ears lifted his feet slowly. True it was that he was too small for this long-legged foreigner; moreover, he did not feel like carrying anyone this sunshiny afternoon. Of course, he was not lazy as that ricksha runner had said, but it would be much pleasanter to roll in a meadow somewhere than to make this trip. His ears fell in discontent, as the man's legs dangled along the road. They were

too long to be bent to the stirrups where they belonged. He supposed for his young master's sake he would have to make the best of things.

Out through the city gate, past long rows of matting sheds where venders displayed their wares, then on to the open country they ran. After an hour the foreigner halted and entered a farmhouse, leaving Small Li and Crooked Ears without to wait. The boy tethered the donkey to a young willow tree, made it possible for his muzzle to reach a patch of grass and gave him a drink. After which he squatted beside the willow and dozed until the foreigner came out.

All went well the first part of the journey home. Crooked Ears had enjoyed his rest and food, and Small Li and the foreigner talked as they moved along. The donkey paid no attention until he heard Small Li reply to a question, that he was twelve years old. It would be three more years, at least, before Small Li might be his very own donkey-boy. He listened to the foreigner's next question: "Do you go to school?"

"No, Hsien Seng, (Sir), to study books costs money, and in our house are eight mouths to feed," answered the boy.

"What will you do when you are older?" continued the foreigner.

"Be a donkey-boy, I suppose, although I would like very much to become a camel-driver

and go to faraway lands with loads of tea and salt."

Crooked Ears stumbled. His young master wished to become a camel-driver rather than a donkey-man! This was indeed hard to believe. And the foolish foreigner agreed. He told Small Li that he, too, liked to watch the camels as they came to Peiping. He spoke of their strange screaming when angry, and sometimes even when the drivers commanded them to rise up with their loads in place for the journey. Small Li said that once he had seen them sew leather pads to the feet of a camel with sore hoofs. The camel did not like it. That was to be seen clearly; and when angered they were very hard to control.

Crooked Ears sniffed warningly. He forgot his name for being well-behaved. If his young master and the foreigner did not know how much better donkeys were than camels, he did. At least he could put an abrupt end to this conversation. He broke into a run. Through the city gate, between the throngs crowding the thoroughfares, with one ear up and the other down, the donkey raced. He did not stop until they had reached the foreigner's own entrance. The man slid off and gasped for breath. Presently Small Li came running up. He rapped Crooked Ears sharply with the long, pointed stick he carried. "You were a bad donkey to run away as you did!"

The foreigner, safe on his own feet, smiled at the boy. "Something must have frightened him," he said and placed the fare in Small Li's hand. With the money lay four extra coppers for tea-money (tip). These were for Small Li to do with as he pleased. The boy thanked him, then led the donkey away.

Crooked Ears continued to sulk with Small Li on his back.

"What is troubling you, Small Fat One?" asked the boy. "You ran off with the kind foreigner for no reason that I can see. He thought you were frightened, but I know better."

Crooked Ears twitched his ears. Of course he had not been frightened; he agreed there with his young master, but as for reason, that was a different matter. No one knew so well as he how good a reason he had held for misbehaving. And then, just because he had hurried a little, he had been called a bad donkey, and beaten. Always before the only beatings he had received had been to make him hurry. If he had wanted to be really bad, he might have stopped suddenly in the middle of the race and lowered his head. Every donkey knew that trick of throwing a rider in the dust.

He was still feeling very badly treated when a familiar odor came to his nostrils. Camels!

At the same moment Small Li saw them. He pulled the reins taut. Before them on a vacant lot knelt more than twenty beasts of some caravan. Drivers and load coolies rushed about weighing and adjusting loads. Sunset was already turning Peiping's dust into particles of gold, and the head-man was anxious to be off. He shouted to the drivers, ordering them to hurry. Fascinated, Small Li slipped off the donkey's back. Close to them a driver and two coolies were evening the pack on one of the largest animals. The boy began to ask them questions about the journey ahead of them.

Held by the bridle, Crooked Ears tugged in an effort to make his young master move on. He had had all he could stand of camels for one day.

Suddenly he quieted. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting. He eyed carefully the great beast so close to them. This was the molting season and the camel's wool hung in scraggly patches to the brown skin. The long underjaw drooped and the eyes cast an ugly glance at donkey and boy. Small Li and the men were talking. Crooked Ears watched his chance. Edging around slowly, the donkey suddenly let two sharp heels fly at the kneeling camel's haunch, and then as swiftly trotted away.

The camel screamed, and in the excitement that followed coolies and driver were upset, but the load remained secure. No one but Small Li, watching his donkey disappear down the road, guessed what had really happened. He knew the small fat one disliked camels, but he had not expected this. What had been wrong with his donkey today? Usually he was so good.

Running the length of the street nearest home, he looked up to see Crooked Ears trotting sedately beside him. Small Li stared at him. "What are you planning now?" he demanded. "Do you know it was only good fortune that kept those camel-drivers from seeing you? You have been very bad today. I ought to tell my father that he might punish you. At least, you will get no supper!"

They walked the rest of the way in silence. Crooked Ears was not worried. Small Li would not tell of his mischief. He was aware that Li would trust his son with no other donkey. As for supper, that did not matter; kicking that ugly camel had been worth that sacrifice. He felt very much pleased with himself. To Small Li, whose face was stern with reproof, the donkey lifted soft, velvety eyes, then moving closer, pushed his nose into the boy's collar.



When she felt timid, Agalena ran down her hall to the ground and hid in the grass clumps

The Silk Funnel

EDITH M. PATCH

Illustrations by R. Bruce Horsfall

AGALENA* had no backbone; but she was not a cripple. She could do much that no animal with a backbone can do. She had eight eyes. She had two more legs than an insect, and an insect has six legs. Her home was a web of silk. Yes, I am sure you have guessed, by this time, that Agalena was a spider.

Agalena and her many brothers and sisters spent the winter together in an egg-sac. The egg-sac was under the bark of an old stump. It was rather flat and it was protected by a sheet of silk.

A silk sheet does not seem a very warm covering for nights when the weather was so cold that the mercury in the thermometer went down to the zero mark. However, spider eggs keep well in cold storage when they are in a fairly dry place. If the baby spiders, still in their eggshells, were chilled during the winter it did them no harm. Rather early in the spring they hatched, and later, one warm day, Agalena ran off on her eight little legs and found a house-lot for her home.

The stump under the bark of which she, while an egg, had spent the winter was in the hedge-row at the edge of Holiday Meadow. As she was a grass-spider she did not need to travel far

before she came to a suitable place to stay.

It took her from spring until fall to finish her house although it was all right to live in after the first few days. Even when it was done it was not much more than a floor and a back hall. The hall was a tube which led from her floor to the ground. It had two door-holes which were always open. When she felt timid she ran off her floor into her hall and then down to the ground as fast as her eight legs could carry her. She hid among the grass clumps until she felt like going up through her hall again. Her floor sloped a little toward the hole that opened into her tube-like hall. Altogether her home was somewhat funnel shaped.

The stuff of which she built her home was silk. It all came out of her body. It was made in her silk-glands and forced through many fine spinning-tubes out where the spinning-organs (*spinnerets*) could use it. Her six spinnerets were at the tip of her body where they were placed together somewhat like three pairs of little tails.

Of course while Agalena was a baby spider as she was when she left the egg-sac in the spring, she needed only a tiny floor and hall. So, at first, her "funnel" was very little, indeed. By

* Ag-a-le'-na means "without calmness" or "restless."

the time she had finished working on it, however, her floor measured about twelve inches across.

As the young spider grew, her plump body became crowded inside her firm skin. Then she ripped a hole in her tight old skin and crept out of it, finding herself in a new one which was more stretchy so that her body had room to grow. Later this new skin, in its turn, needed to be shed when it became too snug for comfort. She changed her skin several times before she was a fully grown spider.

Such a process of shedding skin is called molting. Spiders are not the only animals that molt this way as they grow. Other backboneless animals, such as insects and crabs and crayfishes, also molt several times before they become fully grown.

After Agalena grew to be about three-fourths of an inch long, she did not molt again. She was now yellow with dashes of pale gray here and there and with some long dark stripes and some light stripes on her body. She was a very good-looking spider.

This little eight-legged yellow and gray animal hunted for her living. She did not, however, take long hunting trips. She caught what she needed without leaving her own dooryard. Her favorite food was insect-juice. Because many of the insects she caught were injurious to grass, the man who owns Holiday Farm liked to have her hunting in his meadow.

She spent much of her time waiting in her narrow hall or run-way. When an insect chanced to alight on her floor it jarred the silk a little. Agalena could feel the very gentle shaking of her web and she would run out and capture a breakfast or luncheon or dinner for herself.

She depended on the way her floor trembled when it was touched to know when her food arrived instead of watching with her eight eyes. And sometimes she was fooled.

Quite often Anne and Dick, the cousins from Holiday Farm, came to visit Agalena. One of them would touch her floor gently with a piece of stiff straw. Agalena would feel the quiver of the web and would rush out and grab the end of the straw. This game did the spider no real harm and it did give the children a chance to

watch Agalena. They could see whether she had grown larger and how she looked after she had molted and had on a new suit of skin.

Agalena had spun strands of silk reaching from her floor to the twigs of a meadow-sweet bush that grew next her yard at the edge of the grass field. When insects blundered against these slender ropes of silk they often fell to the web beneath them where the spider could catch them easily.

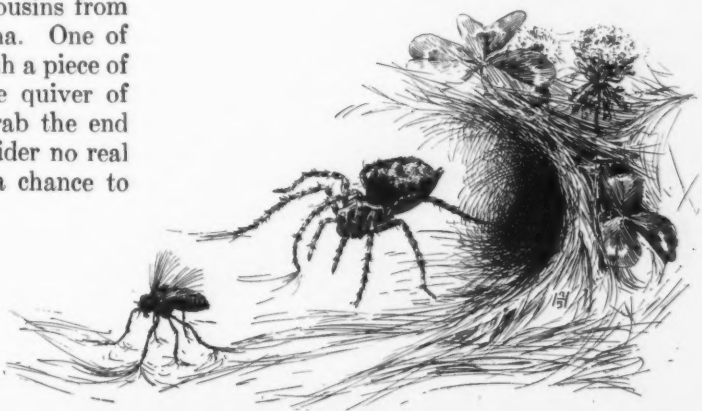
The little hunter had a strange sort of appetite. When insects came to her web in great numbers she could eat the juices of all she caught and not feel over-fed. But during days when she caught nothing at all, she did not starve. She could eat a great deal or very little indeed and could fast for long periods of time. The size and time of her meals depended on how much she caught and when she found her food.

When the men from the farm harvested the grass in the meadow, the hay-rake tore away part of Agalena's house. She soon mended her floor, however, and was as well off as before.

In the spring the young spider's small and dainty web hardly showed at all in the grass. Even in the summer, when the silk floor had been made thicker with many added treads (layers) of silk, a person could usually walk right past Agalena's yard without noticing her home. But on mornings after clear nights during which heavy dew formed, her moist carpet glistened in the light.

It was easy, at such times, for Anne and Dick to learn something about the number of spiders in the meadow. For Agalena, of course, was not the only grass-spider living there. Thousands of webs like hers had been made during the spring and summer. After the hay was cut these could be seen on a dewy morning like little dainty white cloths spread in the field to dry.

In spite of all her neighbors, many of them,



Agalena would rush out and capture a breakfast or luncheon or dinner for herself

indeed, her own sisters and cousins and other near relatives, Agalena lived alone until fall. But on a pleasant autumn day another grass-spider came to call on her. One of his names was Nae'-vi-a; and it was at this time that Miss Agalena became Mrs. Naevia.

Soon after this Mrs. Naevia left the silk home where she had grown and molted and hunted during so many weeks. She never returned to it. She was done with it forever. She had other matters to attend to now.

For the time had come when she must find a

good place for her eggs. She wandered about until she reached a sheltered place beneath a piece of loose bark on a tree in the hedgerow. Here she laid her pretty round eggs and spun a fine firm sac about them. Over the sac she laid a sheet of silk, spinning it thread by thread as she moved back and forth. Next she scattered some tiny dark bits of bark over the white sheet. It did not show quite so plainly then.

Her important task was completed. Mother Agalena Naevia sat down beside the winter bed she had made for her egg babies and rested.

The Story of Money

MARY G. KELTY

PART I

HAVE you ever traded a pencil for an eraser, or a pair of skates for a baseball bat? Most people have had some experience in exchanging articles which they did not need for others which they greatly desired. Few of them realized, probably, that they were using, in the transaction, the business methods which primitive men employed in the days before history began. In those far-away days there was no such thing as money; exchange was the only means by which one could secure articles which he could not make for himself.

In the earliest stages of development, every family had to supply its own wants. Its members killed wild animals for food, scraped the skins to serve as clothing, and rubbed pieces of dry wood together to make fire. Whatever the family could not secure by its own efforts it had to get along without.

As time went on, however, primitive men found it desirable to trade with one another. A man who could chip stone tools skillfully might exchange one of his fist-hatchets with a neighbor in return for the skin of a cave bear. A woman who had found two shells which she used as ornaments might exchange one of them for a basket woven of reeds.

The system of exchanging one article for

another directly was called "barter." It was the chief method of carrying on trade in the early stages of race development. The use of barter in certain ordinary transactions continued throughout the ancient world and during the Middle Ages, long after other methods of exchange had been devised.

Even today barter is still carried on in some parts of the world, as in Africa, where the Zulus trade ten cows for a wife. Only a few years ago the Greenland Eskimos laughed when they were offered flat, round pieces of metal in exchange for their furs. What they wanted were instruments made of steel.

Our language, too, still shows traces of the system of barter. Country people often say that they are going to town "to do their trading"; and persons who usually buy goods at a certain store often say that they "trade" there.

Although barter has continued to a limited extent down to the present day, its disadvantages must have become apparent very early. It was slow and inconvenient.

For example, a sponge fisherman would find it hard work to carry around on his back a huge bag full of sponges while he searched for some one who was willing to take them in exchange for a needed canoe. A huntsman might have to spend so long a time in finding a skilled carver of wooden bows that the meat he planned to give



COURTESY U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM
A bronze knife used as money in China in ancient times



FROM "SAILS AND SWORDS" BY ARTHUR STRAWN
COURTESY OF BRENTANO'S

Spaniards bartering with the Indians in early days

in exchange would spoil. Even today, we are told, "a Dyak may be seen wandering in the bazaar with a ball of beeswax in his hands for days together because he cannot find anybody willing to take it for the exact article which he requires."

If it was difficult for members within a tribe to carry on trade with one another by barter, it was doubly hard for one tribe to trade with another.

What could be done to make the exchange of goods easier? If only some article could be decided upon, which everybody was willing to take! A man would not necessarily have to use this article himself, nor to keep it forever. He might take it in exchange for his goods, and keep it until he could in turn pass it on to someone else for articles which he wanted to use. This third person was sure to want the commodity because everybody did. The article thus agreed upon would form one side to every exchange.

Different peoples in different parts of the world hit upon many different kinds of goods to serve them in this manner. Of course they chose articles which they had, and which all their group liked. Ornaments were always desired. The Chinese used bronze knives. The Fiji Islanders used whale teeth. Icelanders used dried fish. The people of Carthage used small pieces of leather. Others in other parts of the world used shells, nails, red feathers, fishhooks, wheat, corn, tobacco, furs, sheep, cattle, wam-

pum, olive oil, salt, tea, sugar and cloth.

These articles themselves were not necessarily to be used by the receiver; they were accepted because they could secure something else in exchange. Each man who accepted them was confident that he could in turn trade them to some one else for the goods which he really wanted. All the members of the tribe liked these same articles, and would accept and keep them for a while—until they were ready to trade again.

Therefore it is proper to say that these articles served one of the chief purposes of "money"; they served as a *medium of exchange*.

The examples given above show that the use of these articles as "money" was a great labor-saving device—one of the greatest that mankind has ever discovered.

The use of a medium of exchange solved one problem of trade, but another still remained. How much was a given article worth? What relation ought to exist between the values of any two articles? Clearly, an ox ought not to be traded for a sheep, but was it worth two sheep, three sheep, or two sheep and a lamb? Should a load of wheat be given in exchange for a load of corn? of barley? Should a pig be traded for five chickens or ten chickens? Some basis for comparison of values was needed.

Today we do not have any such trouble because we express the values of cows, sheep, pigs, chickens and all other commodities in terms of dollars. We say they are worth so many

dollars. But the ancients did not have dollars. They had to work out a method of their own for expressing value.

They therefore worked out a plan by means of which the medium of exchange in each section served as a basis of comparison. For example, at the time of the Trojan War the Greeks used cattle as a medium of exchange. Therefore they measured value thus: 1 ox equaled 1 kettle; 1 ox equaled 2 cows; 4 oxen equaled 1 slave woman. In Wales 1 cow equaled 6 calves. In Southern China 1 bamboo hat equaled 2 iron hoes. 1 buffalo equaled 280 hoes; 1 male slave equaled 6 or 7 buffaloes; 1 elephant equaled 10 or 15 slaves. In North America 1 brass kettle equaled 1 beaver; 1 gallon of brandy equaled 6 beavers.

Thus the article which served as a medium of exchange also served as a *measure of value*. When people spoke of a rich man's possessing a thousand cattle, they were measuring value as accurately as we do when we say that a rich man has a million dollars.

A measure of value was absolutely necessary to trade. Civilization could not have advanced far without it. Devising mediums of exchange and measures of value probably took place long before the invention of the art of writing.

As time went on, although the use of both barter and commodities serving as mediums of exchange continued, neither proved to be entirely satisfactory. A more constant measure of value was needed.

Certain of the difficulties in exchange were as follows: Some cattle were fat and some were lean. Cattle might die while a trader was keeping them for exchange. Salt might get wet and melt away. Tobacco might spoil. If an Indian wanted a small iron cup which was not worth a beaver skin, what was he to do? To cut a skin would spoil its value. If an early Greek wanted a pottery jar which was worth much less than an ox, what was to be done? He could not very well cut off the ox's leg or shoulder to exchange for the jar.

By the time that history began, some tribes of primitive men had already found substances to use as mediums of exchange and measures of value which had none of the disadvantages mentioned above. These substances were the metals. They were useful in themselves and they were also ornamental.

Metals as money had many good qualities which other commodities lacked. They were:

(1) useful, (2) scarce, (3) durable (only recently gold ornaments four thousand years old have been taken from tombs in Egypt), (4) they represented large value in small bulk and consequently they could be carried about easily, (5) they could be made into as small or as large pieces as was desired.

Gold was probably the first of the metals which men learned to use, because it is often found in pure nuggets or in loose flakes. Copper was also used very early because it is comparatively easy to work. Silver, however, is found mixed with ore and is hard to mine; therefore mankind did not learn how to use it until a later period. Iron is hardest of all to mine; so it was the latest to be used. These metals were mined in ancient times by vast hordes of miserable slaves and criminals.

The tribes of primitive men used as "money" whatever metals were to be found in their own section of the world. If all the metals were found in a given territory, copper and iron were used for the ordinary exchanges of daily life, and gold and silver were used only in trading the more valuable articles. Gold took possession of man's imagination very early, as the stories of the Golden Fleece and the Golden Apples of the Hesperides show.

Many different metals were used as money in different places—iron in Sparta, Japan, Rome, Byzantium and even today in western Africa; copper (bronze) throughout almost all western Europe, India and China; tin in Sicily, Gaul and Britain; lead, in Burma; silver, in Athens and in western Asia; and gold in small quantities almost everywhere.

In the Iliad we read that Achilles offered a great mass of pig iron to his men as a prize. In Ireland bronze rings were sewed on clothes and used as armor; they also served as money.

There was not gold enough in any one place to serve alone as money, and neither gold nor silver could be demanded in payment by the person to whom a debt was owed.

Although the metals were commonly used as mediums of exchange and measures of value, you must not think of them as circulating in the form of coins. No one had yet thought of making coins. The metals were in great lumps or bars; and the world's trade was carried on partly by barter, partly by commodities, and partly by these lumps of metal.

Next month you will read how these lumps and bars of metal were used.



AUSTRIAN J. R. C. MAGAZINE

A Famous Hare

ONCE upon a time there lived a high-spirited hare who was more clever than any hare that had ever lived. Although he has been dead many hundreds of years, his memory lives in the hearts of all hares, for he did his race a good turn that can never be forgotten.

This was what happened: A great war broke out between the eagles and the hares because the hares had decided that they would no longer stand on their hind paws in the presence of the eagles, who did not return their courtesy in any way. This decision enraged the eagles and they resolved to crush every hare that ventured to appear above ground.

Enormous numbers of hares were annihilated. Matters went especially hard with the young hares whose feet were not swift enough to enable them to escape. The hares were forced to ask peace. They promised to be polite and to stand on their hind paws as soon as they saw an eagle.

But the eagles were very haughty. They did not pay any attention to the hares' peace messenger, refused to speak with him and sent him home with torn ears. The situation was bad for the hares, for they did not dare to appear above ground. Even the tasty cabbage in the farmer's kitchen garden could not tempt them out. They ran a double danger: If they dared to come out of their holes they became the prey of the eagles, and if they stayed at home they had to suffer hunger and starvation.

Only one of their number remained merry and bright. He leaped merrily and grew fatter and more shining every day. But he never told anybody how he managed to provide food for himself without getting into the pounces of the eagles.

His relatives grew envious and sent scouts to spy on him to find out how he managed. They spent an entire day in anxious waiting but when in the evening the spies returned and told what

they had seen, the old hares at first listened in astonishment and then burst out laughing. They laughed not only because the tale was rather funny but because they were glad and happy for they realized that their hunger and fear had come to an end.

This is what the spies told them: Early in the morning young Mr. Hare went to the very field where the eagles were most feared. The spies watched him carefully, feeling sure that he would be seized. But they were mistaken.

The young hare whose black coat shone beautifully in the sun (all hares in those days wore black fur coats), threw himself on his back in the dust, wallowed in it for some time, and when he rose the sharpest eye could not have distinguished him from the ground. Thus disguised he went directly to the cabbage patch. After he had eaten his fill he went to the river, washed away the dust and was again a noble, beautiful, shining Mr. Hare.

The other hares were not long in following his example. From that day the eagles failed to find any hares in the field. Although they soared high into the air, their sharp eyes distinguished only trees, houses and men. The hares seemed to have vanished. Now that the bad days were over the hares soon regained their former roundness. But they never forgot that they had been saved by the skill of their relative. From that day the young hare was consulted in all important matters.

As to the black coat of the hares: Its color gradually changed because eventually the bath in the river did not suffice to wash away the dust. But the hares did not mind their coats turning gray-brown. These new coats enabled them to eat the tasty cabbages in safety. The hares wear gray-brown coats today and it is in this garb that they come during the Easter holidays to bring eggs and presents to the children.

—Estonian Junior Red Cross Magazine

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1933, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

Vol. 14

MARCH, 1933

No. 7

National Officers of the American Red Cross

HERBERT HOOVER.....President
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.....Vice-President

JOHN BARTON PAYNE.....Chairman Central Committee
THOMAS D. THACHER.....Counselor
ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE.....Treasurer
MABEL T. BOARDMAN.....Secretary
JAMES L. FIESER.....Vice-Chairman
ERNEST P. BICKNELL.....Vice-Chairman
JAMES K. MCCLINTOCK.....Vice-Chairman

EDWARD W. MARCELLUS.....Director, Junior Red Cross
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....Editor, Junior Red Cross Publications

*Hark, what a clamor goes swinging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!
Like a peal of broken bells,—kling, klang, kling,—
Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It's spring!"*

—CELIA THAXTER

FOR WORLD GOOD WILL DAY

ALL over the world schools now celebrate May 18 as World Good Will Day. They celebrate it in all sorts of ways. The children of Wales, for example, always send a message of good will to other children around the earth. Junior Red Cross members everywhere have special programs on that day, which was chosen because May 18 was the date in 1899 when the Czar of Russia called together the first Hague Conference. If you plan an assembly program, some suitable features are: an account of what the Hague Tribunal does, the story of the Universal Postal Union, the story of Richard Rush and what he did to get our unarmed boundary with Canada, an account of the Pact of Paris and of other measures that have helped along good will among nations. Another good idea for the day is to gather together in a special exhibit all the international material your school has collected. Giving a play is fun—as well as lots of work. You will find a good one for the occasion in Frances Margaret Fox's "May Baskets for the World's Front Door," which came out in the NEWS for last May. And we are planning to give you another suitable play in next month's number, "The Broken Bridge in Fairyland," also

[156]

by Miss Fox. March is not too early to begin making your plans for the May 18 celebration. And don't forget that March 31 is Answer Day for international school correspondence.

LOST REINDEER ARE FOUND

MANY of our readers will remember Olaus J. Murie's story of "Canada's Reindeer Immigrants," which was published in the NEWS for September, 1930. Mr. Murie told about the herd of reindeer which had been bought in Alaska by the Canadian government and was being driven across hundreds of miles to the Mackenzie River delta. The author said that the herd should arrive some time in 1931, but unfortunately the reindeer got lost on their trek and wandered far from the course that had been planned for them. Recently, however, the news came that the herd had been sighted at Icy Reef, near the Alaska-Yukon border. The Canadian Minister of the Interior now hopes that the 2300 deer left of the 3000 which started out from Alaska will be delivered some time this spring.

THE CALENDAR

IT WAS a gusty day in Peiping. The wind scoured the streets churning up dust and rubbish, biting the faces of the passersby. But people were merry in spite of the cold, for it was New Year's Eve. Manchu ladies going shopping, dressed in blue brocade, their hands folded in deep fur cuffs, swayed by in rickshas. Buddhist priests in yellow, and younger Mongol sons in red trudged towards the temple. A mandarin drove past in a closed car with gorgeous outriders; black pigs, chivied by their owners, squealed their way to market, and bulky men squeezed themselves into tiny hooded carts drawn by Mongolian ponies. The carts were lined with fur, painted blue and set on two green wheels. To get out of the crowd I turned into a quiet side street where I found a group of boys flying kites. Some were New Year's gifts, some the boys had made themselves in shapes of men and birds and fish. One boy flew a dragon with wild green eyes and red horns. In China the dragon is regarded as a friendly beast, bringing rain and good luck. The boy was proud to have his kite pictured. He drew it in and held it for me, not knowing that I was sketching him, too, fur cap, yellow padded coat, apple cheeks and all.

—A. M. U.



MADE BY THE J. R. C. OF MARLBORO, MASS.

Something to Read

THESE UNITED STATES

Gertrude Hartman: The Macmillan Company: \$5.00
(Ages 10 to 14)

UNITED STATES HISTORY comes alive in this book. It isn't told in the way of usual history writers, but goes along as a story which takes its hero from infancy through his boyhood and youth and into his strong manhood. The hero is our country. The story begins with a chapter on "First Families of America," the Indians, and ends with a chapter called "America Grows Up." There are chapters on the infant colonies and on how the colonists lived in the new homes they had exchanged for the old ones in settled lands; on the struggle for independence from a mother country that did not seem to understand her growing children; on how a new nation was started and on the great movement westward. "On to Oregon," is a gorgeous chapter. So is the one on how the discovery of gold in California started a trek across the whole continent and sent clipper ships speeding around the Horn. But you know the main outline. What you won't know until you read this book is how delightful the whole story can be when it is told in the right way. Wars and battles get very little space so there is room for lots of other things about the growth of your country which you won't find in your school histories. For example, how the pioneers traveled along the Wilderness Road and the boatmen sang as they went down the Ohio River:

The boatman is a lucky man,
No one can do as the boatman can,
The boatmen dance and the boatmen sing,
The boatman is up to everything.
Hi-O, away we go,
Floating down the river on the O-hi-O.

Jolly little songs of the day like that one pop up every now and then. There is a thrilling account of the Pony Express. There are good stories of Lewis and Clark and Kit Carson and John C. Fremont. Even if this tale were not so entertaining as it is, the book would be worth having for its scores of unusual pictures.—E. McB. B.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL

Nora Burglon: Doubleday, Doran: \$2.00
(Ages 8 to 12)

GULDKLUMPEN found an empty sea chest washed up on the shore. He put it up on its end behind his mother's cottage for a *tomte*

house, and with that good fortune began for the family on the tiny rented farm. A *tomte* is a little elf who brings luck to people in Sweden. On Easter morning Guldklumpen and his sister, Nicolina, went to see whether the *tomte* had moved in. There in the hay they had put for the *tomte's* bed they saw a nest of twelve beautiful eggs. The *tomte* had brought them with him for there were no hens at Malmöstrand.

That was the way things went after that. The children found a wild duck with her ducklings; two of them they traded for a dozen chicks. Even the Christmas *tomte* remembered them that year. Then Nicolina won a great prize for the best weaving of any school girl in her province, and Guldklumpen sold the little men and animals he carved.

They had funny animals. They were playmates for the children. When Christmas Eve came Nicolina and Guldklumpen went out and told the drake and his mother about it. But they thought the hens must know it already, because they had stopped laying eggs. "Hens were just exactly like this," they thought. "In the summer time, when the prices were low, then they laid eggs almost every day, but when winter came, then they sat in the rails near the roof in the goat house and clucked to each other and ate, whenever there was anything to eat."

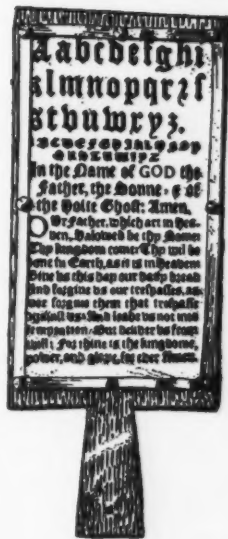
The book is by Nora Burglon who wrote "Christmas Wreaths" for you.—J. W. S.

WITH MIKKO THROUGH FINLAND. Bess S. Byrne: McBride: \$2.50 (Ages 8 to 12)

A brother and sister travel all the way up to the Arctic Ocean in spite of wolves and bears, snow and forests.

SPERLI THE CLOCKMAKER. Daisy Neumann: Macmillan: \$2.00. (Ages 8 to 12)

Sperli loved all the children and the animals and the music of the Black Forest of Germany.



An old hornbook—a sheet of paper between transparent sheets of horn



At one of Dr. Grenfell's missions

“WE ARE the Junior Red Cross of Yale School, North West River. Yale School is one of the schools established by Sir Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador. Perhaps you have heard of him and his work among the people of Newfoundland and Labrador.

“Our school had an enrollment of sixty-three this year. More than half of these come from outside North West River, and live in two cottages during the school year. One of the articles we are sending, written by one of the older school girls, tells what cottage life is like.

“The other stories tell you about some of the things we do. People outside of Labrador get some queer ideas about life here. It is a great deal like life outside, except that we do not have all the modern conveniences—like running water, automobiles, trains, etc. But we have five motor boats and know how to manage canoes, and drive dog teams, and take care of ourselves in the woods with only a gun and matches.

“We are mostly of English descent. Some of us have Eskimo blood mixed in. But there were only three full-blooded Eskimos in school last year. The Labrador Indians do not send their children to school.

“Now about the dolls: the girl doll, whom we have named Betty Blake—two common names here—with all her clothes, was made by the girls of the school. She is dressed as we dress in the winter time. Her dickey has a hood which can be pulled up over her head when the wind blows. Dickeys are meant only to keep out wind. We keep fine and warm with one or two sweaters and a dickey, even in cold weather. Sometimes we wear a girdle around our waists.

“Betty’s mitts and shoes are made of deerskin. We almost never wear gloves as they are too cold. In the winter the weather is so cold and

“Down North” in Labrador

AS SO MANY of our American Juniors are interested in the Grenfell Mission in Labrador*, we were glad to find in the *Canadian Red Cross Junior* some interesting letters which one of the Labrador schools sent with some dolls to a French school. We have to tell you, though, that, since there are not many of these schools and they have already taken on all the school correspondence they can carry, there is no chance just now for American Juniors to start exchanges with them

dry that a hard crust forms over the snow and deerskin shoes are just the thing. They are ever so warm with two or three pairs of knitted socks inside them.

“The man, a trapper, we named John Michelin. There are a great many Michelin families here. That is a French name, isn’t it? He wears deerskin mitts and shoes the same as Betty’s. But he must wear leggings, for he is outdoors more than Betty is. And sometimes he wears the sealskin boots with the hair left on the legs, especially when it is wet, for sealskin is waterproof and deerskin is not. Betty often wears such boots too.

“Betty and John bring the good will of all of us to all of you. We should be ever so glad if you would tell us something about life in France. Do let us hear from you.”

A girl in the eighth grade writes:

“A number of school children, girls and boys, stay together in a cottage with a housekeeper to take care of them. The one I shall describe is called Gibbons’ cottage. In this cottage there are twenty-four children. Miss Torrens is our housekeeper this year.

“Our cottage has a basement, kitchen, dining-room, two boys’ rooms, one girls’ room for the school children, one for the working girls and one bedroom for the housekeeper.

“Besides regular school classes every child has a daily job to do. Some of the girls wash dishes, some tidy the dining room, some tidy the school-girls’ bedroom. Others sew, help to cook, wash

*Note: See *NEWS*, November, 1929; February and May, 1931 for articles about Dr. Grenfell and his work.

clothes and scrub. One girl looks after the housekeeper's room. Some clean the lamps, take care of the milk, look after the meals. Some of the girls bathe the children every week.

"The boys take care of the fires, bring water or wood, clean the basement and hen house, empty the pails and keep the steps swept off. Every month we have our jobs changed so as to become familiar with each job.

"Our housekeeper sees that everything is done, and besides the housework she has cooking class at school on Monday and sewing class on Wednesday."

Leslie Michelin, a sixth grader, writes about a hunting trip:

"Once I was up in the woods with Uncle Sidney. I had a great time with him. The first day we started from North West River and got up to Burnt Point very early in the evening. I went off and killed three partridges. I put them on for supper then I went and cut some wood for the night.

"Uncle Sidney came back with a fox. He was glad to get him, and he was glad of my partridges, so we had a good supper. Then we went to bed.

"When I awoke it was very dark. I got up and put on the kettle and had a hot drink. Then I went out and lashed up the *komatik*. When I went in Uncle Sidney was up and eating his breakfast.

"It was getting light when we left that morning. The sky was red over the hills on the horizon. We were passing the Cape Caribou River when the dogs began to gallop. It was a lovely morning. The lake was flat with glassy ice.

"Just as we came to Silver Point Lodge, a company of partridges flew along by us. They settled down just by the tent. I loaded the gun and killed two at one shot. The partridges flew off some distance and then settled again. Then I killed another. I killed five that evening and we put them on for supper."

MANY people don't realize that Labrador has its fruit crop. Bella McLean tells about a berry-picking trip:

"Since Labrador is a country where we cannot get any kind of fresh fruit in winter, we have to pick our berries in the fall before the snow covers the ground. Red berries are the only kind which will keep without being canned. So every fall, in September or October, we go berry picking. A large crowd of people go in one motor boat.

"One fall I was staying at Gibsons' Cottage, and our housemother, Miss Pye, told us that she

was going berrying and some of us could go with her. We were going in the Mission's boat. So on Saturday morning our housemother, one teacher, seven girls and five boys started out. When we got into the boat they started the engine. We were going up to Black Point. We went on until about twelve o'clock and then we all went ashore to boil the kettle and have dinner. We had to go ashore in a small canoe, so we couldn't all go at once. At last we were all ashore at Birchy Island. We gathered wood and made a fire. When we were finished eating we played for a while and then continued our journey.

"At five o'clock we went ashore on Black Point. We did not pick any berries that evening, because we had to put up a tent. The first thing we saw when we went ashore was a number of spruce partridges. The boys went hunting and killed some. We then made a nice big fire and had supper. After supper we played games and told ghost stories. We then sang some hymns and went to bed.

"Monday morning we were up bright and early. We had to go down on the rocks and use the river for our basin. The water was very cold but we found it great fun.

"Now before I tell you any more I will explain what the berries are like. They grow on low stems on the ground. They are something like a cranberry, only much sweeter. They are very nice cooked in a little water and sweetened. That is when they are made into jam. Every family has two or three barrels. In the Cottage, where there are about twenty-six children, we need about four or five barrels.

"I picked six gallons that day. Altogether we picked over a barrel. The boys killed a lot of partridges, and we had them for supper.

"That night when we went to bed one of the girls was talking in her sleep. We laughed for a long time about it.

"Next day we picked berries until noon, then we started for home. A lot of the girls had sore eyes from exposure to the sun. We were all very glad to start home. We had ninety-six partridges and two and a half barrels of berries. We took down the tent and carried everything to the boat.

"It was calm until we got to Burnt Point, and then it started to blow. It was getting dark when we reached there. We tried to get ashore there to boil the kettle, but this was impossible on account of the rapids.

"From the rapids down to North West River it blew very hard. The waves washed over the boat. We reached home at ten that night."

Hideyo Noguchi

VIRGINIA MCBRYDE

“TEMBO! Tembo!”

There it was again, that hateful, hateful cry. The little boy ran as fast as his legs could fly so as to get away from it. Dodging into the graveyard next the schoolhouse, he stood behind a gravestone and gazed at the left hand which he usually tried so hard to conceal in the sleeve of his ragged kimono. How he hated it! It wasn't really a hand at all, but just a crumpled-up stump with what was left of the fingers all drawn up against the palm.

It had been like that ever since, in his babyhood, he had fallen into the glowing charcoal fire while his mother was away working at the rice fields. She had to toil without end to keep herself and her two children alive. Some day she had hoped her boy would be a good farmer, too. But after that, “What kind of a farmer will he be with a hand like that?” said the neighbors. And at school the boys yelled, “Tembo,” which means “Hand-boy,” after him until he was wild with grief and rage.

Such was the start in life of Seisaku Noguchi, born in deepest poverty in a little Japanese village. Before he died he was to travel far and his name would be known around the world.

He was up early every morning to catch fish to sell. After school he carried baggage, sometimes as much as ten miles, even in the winter snow. At night he tended the fire to heat the water in the village bathhouse. He did that so that he might read by the firelight. There was no light at home and in a world of books he could forget his hand. “What does a farmer need to know of books?” the village people said.

One day, a school examiner came along and was much interested in Noguchi. He asked what the boy meant to do when he grew up.

“Ours is a family of farmers. No doubt I shall be a farmer,” Seisaku replied.

“You read books, why do you not continue your schooling in the higher school?”

“I have indeed a mountain of desire, but we are poor,” said the boy.

The examiner arranged for Seisaku to keep on at school. Better still, he told the boy's mother about a doctor who might help his hand. The fathers of his schoolmates made up enough money to send him to the city to see the great man, who had traveled and studied in Europe and had taken his medical degree from the

University of California. Sure enough, the doctor straightened out the crumpled hand and made the stumps of the fingers hang down, so that, with its good thumb, the left hand was really useful after that, though all his life long its deformity distressed Noguchi.

The doctor took on Seisaku as one of his drug boys. In between times the boy could read some of the dozens and dozens of books that lined the doctor's walls. He read about Napoleon and told a friend, “I will be like Napoleon. Not fight battles. Not kill people. But I will be a doctor with the will of a Napoleon.” Perhaps, he thought, he might become so great that he would be physician to the Emperor himself.

One day when he was peering through the doctor's microscope, he made out in a drop of a patient's blood the microbe that causes a certain fever. Instantly he knew the kind of doctor he meant to be—a bacteriologist. He was still in his teens, but he had a way with him. People believed he would do great things. And the Japanese respect learning and determination. They give help to the student. Noguchi was poor, but his friends helped him to go to Tokyo to study medicine. After he had finished his course there, he had a chance to go to China as a port quarantine commissioner. He hadn't the money for the trip, so a friend sold his wife's wedding kimono to supply it.

In Tokyo, Noguchi got a chance to study in the Institute of Infectious Diseases under Kitasato, known throughout the world as the greatest living Japanese scientist. “If you will work very hard for five years, I may be able to send you to Germany for study,” said Kitasato. But five years seemed a long time.

Then he happened to meet Dr. Flexner of Philadelphia on his way to Manila to investigate diseases among the American soldiers there. Noguchi came to another decision. “I will depart for America,” he wrote to a friend, “and I will go as member of the household of an American doctor and I will finish my studies and be a graduate of the university.”

In Philadelphia, the young Japanese started work in Flexner's laboratory, studying the effect of snake venoms in the blood. This work of his helped develop anti-venoms, as they are used today, to cure snake bite. Dr. Weir Mitchell, one of the leading doctors of the United States,

took a great interest in him. The name of Hideyo Noguchi began to be known—Hideyo because, long since, he had changed his first name, Seisaku, which means “good make,” or “good farmer.” His new name means “great man of the world.”

His English was very bad. His way of working was very disorderly. Next to his deformed left hand, he hated most his “cow’s English.” But his left hand was useful enough with his experiments. His right was strong and firm with its clever, flexible Japanese fingers. And he made himself learn to speak better English.

He was given a Carnegie scholarship to study with a great scientist in Copenhagen. There he improved so much in his way of working that when he came back to New York he was made a member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. He married an American girl who made his home comfortable and managed his money, as Noguchi had never been able to manage it for himself. Now he flung himself upon his work. “No western man I think could do so much. He works twenty-four hours some days,” said a proud Japanese friend.

Noguchi’s papers on his studies on snake venoms, on lockjaw, on blood serums and on other subjects were published. Honors came to him from Europe and America. In 1915 he got the news that he had been awarded the Imperial Prize of the Japanese Academy. He was most anxious to see his mother and decided to go to Tokyo to receive the medal. He, who had left in poverty and obscurity, now returned to his native land and sat in a kimono of beautiful brocade at banquets given by distinguished men in his honor.

Part of the prize of a thousand yen which went with the medal he gave to his mother. For many weeks he stayed on with her but at last she told him that he must go back to his work in New York. “My mother is a great person,” Noguchi said to a friend. “She did not say much at parting. But I was not sure I would see her again and I could not help it that I had to wet my handkerchief.” The Japanese try never to show deep emotion of any kind.

After he came back to the United States, Noguchi’s health became bad. He felt ill a great deal of the time. But that did not keep him from working as hard as ever. He got interested in yellow fever. Walter Reed and those who worked with him had found out how the disease is carried by a certain mosquito, but the microbe that causes it had not been found. And, once a microbe is spotted, the doctors keep on working until they find what will kill it.

A bad type of yellow fever was raging in Ecuador. Noguchi hated travel, but he went down there to study it at first hand. He studied it in Mexico, in Peru and in Brazil. For years he kept on working at it. In 1927 there was a particularly bad outbreak of the disease on the West Coast of Africa. Noguchi determined to go there. His friends and his wife begged him not to go. Young Dr. Adrian Stokes of the Rockefeller Institute had gone down there and had just died of the disease. Noguchi was not well and it would be dangerous for him to go. “No,” he said to all of them. “I am not afraid. I just want to finish this piece of work.” So he went to Africa. He died there of yellow fever. But he died believing that he had finished his piece of work; and he had not been afraid.



*Do you hear what the wind says? There's March in the air!
So we'll march, yes we will. Tell the wind it's a dare!*

Enid Hoeglund



Latvian Juniors working on clothing for the needy of their Chapter office

Juniors in Other Countries



Joan is helped by Prince Edward Island Juniors

children. The picture shows Joan, a young patient at one of their clinics. Joan was born with paralysis of the right arm. Thanks to the treatment she is receiving at the clinic, she is beginning to be able to use her arm. Drawing on the blackboard is helpful to her as it gives her training in raising her arm and controlling her hand.

Prince Edward Island Juniors serve hot lunches at school, take flowers and fruit to the sick and make presents for needy children at holiday times. This last year they began making layettes for new-born babies in needy families.

ALTHOUGH Prince Edward Island is the smallest Province in Canada, it has over eight thousand Juniors. They are specially interested in helping handicapped children, and during the past year they raised more than fifteen hundred dollars to provide treatment for such

INSTEAD of Arbor Day the people of Albania celebrate Arbor Week. And they celebrate it at the time of their national independence day, in the fall. Last fall the boys of the Albanian Vocational School set out a large number of trees in Tirana, during Arbor Week. A member of the senior class tells about the work of his classmates in *Laboremus*, the school paper:

There were twenty-three boys in our crew. We opened forty holes on our first work day. On the next day we went to the state nursery and took out some robina trees and brought them into the city before noon. In the afternoon we opened the rest of the holes and began planting.

We worked two to one hole, one with the shovel and the other with the pick. The holes were one meter long, one meter wide and seventy centimeters deep. When the hole was ready we threw in some top soil and then we placed in the tree. One held it in line with the other trees and the other threw in earth until the roots were covered. Then both filled and pressed it slightly. We worked along Vorri i Bamit Street for the whole week setting out a hundred ten trees.

This sounds like a loafer's tale, but digging the holes in earth which for centuries had been compacted was something like boring through rock in the making under a few feet of sea.

PRIMARY school Juniors of Fylakion, Greece, organized a Green Festival at which they planted four hundred trees. The Juniors of the primary school at Feneos have formed groups

which look after the cleanliness of the streets and the village fountains. At Zoni the Juniors of the primary school have founded a library, a pharmacy and a hair-dressing establishment. They have also bought a moving-picture apparatus, balls for games and materials to be used in handicraft.

JUNIOR Red Cross members from all over the world sent messages of sympathy and sums of money to fellow members in New Zealand after the terrific earthquake which destroyed much property and many lives in 1931. Sometimes the gifts and messages came from individuals, as in the case of a little boy in France who sent his thirty francs to be used to help the earthquake victims; sometimes they came from groups. The New Zealand Junior Red Cross appreciated this so much that it decided to get out a certificate of thanks to each of the donors or Junior groups. Each certificate carried besides the name of the donor a list of all the countries from which Junior gifts had been sent. There were forty-one countries on the list.

THE elder Junior Red Cross members in the Girls' Secondary School, Linz, Austria, gave a play, and from the money they raised they bought shoes for several of their needy school-mates.

THE Junior group at Shankarganj, India, is the oldest in the United Provinces and one of the most active. It is composed of forty-two members. Under the general supervision of the Public Health Department it runs a village First Aid dispensary and keeps records of births and deaths in five villages. The Junior group is responsible for the sanitation of certain parts of the village, and the members grow vegetables and medicinal herbs in the school compound or yard. What is more, they know all about the healing properties of those herbs. These Juniors correspond with fellow members in Canada and Czechoslovakia.

A DESCRIPTION of their new school was sent in an album from Vosburg Secondary School, Vosburg, Cape Province, South Africa, to Junior friends in Montara, California, School:

Our school is light yellow with a red roof. It stands on a slight rise, facing the village. It is a fairly big building, consisting of six classrooms, a woodwork room, a tea room for the teachers and two lobbies, where there are wash basins and pegs for the pupils' hats. The water in the basins comes from two big cisterns which catch the rain-water from the roof. On the front roof are three Dutch gables which give it a beautiful appearance. Behind it is a very broad veranda which gives a shelter for the children from rain and sun. The school hours in summer are from half-past six to eight o'clock, and from nine o'clock to a quarter to one. In winter they are from a quarter to nine till half-past twelve, and from two o'clock to half-past three. Our school is not supplied with heaters, because the climate is not too bad, but there are a few oil stoves which we only use on very cold mornings.



German members with bird houses they have made

They describe their school grounds in another letter to Emer-

son School, Great Falls, Montana:

Originally the school grounds were covered with small bushes. But the boys set to work with spades and pick-axes and they soon cleared the grounds. The girls collected into several large heaps the bushes which the boys uprooted. The heaps were left till the bushes were dry and one day we lighted several splendid bonfires.

Next the school grounds were enclosed with a wire fence. A bore hole was sunk and a good supply of fresh water was struck. A windmill was erected and a reservoir constructed. Then we started laying out wide furrows in which every child planted one or more cypress trees which form a pretty evergreen hedge around our school. The gum trees which were planted grew very nicely and improve the appearance of our school very much.

On a portion of the school grounds, various flower beds were laid out. Each teacher received two such beds. The teachers and children were very keen to work there and the various classes competed to make their beds more attractive than the others. The beds were neatly laid out with stones which the teachers and children brought from a long distance. When the beds were prepared we planted many varieties of flowers—dahlias, chrysanthemums, sunflowers, cosmos, roses, daisies, zinnias, hollyhocks, and others. The flowers grew very well, and soon the school flower garden was the center of attraction. It became the custom on Sunday afternoons for people to go to the school to look at the pretty flowers."



Last Spring Juniors of Unity School, La Grange, Georgia, planted Red Cross garden seed. At harvest time they canned what would not keep. Here is part of the surplus which they gave to the unemployed

Juniors Take Their Part

IN EVERY grade, from kindergarten up, Juniors are helping in the fight against the depression. Chicago kindergarteners helped collect buttons. They took home to their mothers a letter with a picture and a rhyme:

Where are you going,
Pretty white buttons?
To the children's aid
Sir, they said.

Older girls in more than 120 school auxiliaries in Chicago are actually making garments. "No fancy or dirty buttons need apply," wrote the Junior Chairman in Jacksonville, Florida, "only good, strong buttons that will do their duty." By November, Atlanta, Georgia, Juniors had brought in 14,000 and were still collecting them.

Juniors are also cutting out and making garments by the thousand from the Government-Red Cross cotton cloth. In East Chicago, Indiana, Juniors serve in the Senior Chapter sewing rooms on Saturday morning cutting old inner tubes into bands for bloomer-elastic, sorting buttons and so on. District of Columbia schools made 465 pieces of baby clothes. Scraps left over after garments have been finished are being made into patchwork quilts by several

schools in Jacksonville, Florida. Old clothes are also still being collected, repaired and cleaned by Juniors from the Atlantic seaboard to California.

Some schools even support whole families. Members in the Girls Collegiate School, Glendora, California, are given their church collection of about \$4 a week. Last year they supported two families—one a Mexican and one an American—in their little town. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, members got special advantages for four crippled children by paying for their board and clothing and giving them allowances.

Juniors are also helping provide food for the needy. Members in Syracuse, New York, took up the canning project again this year. Any number of schools gave baskets of food at Christmas and Thanksgiving. The Juniors of Bladenboro, North Carolina, gave fifty jars of fruit and vegetables, and had a "spoon shower" by which they got one hundred spoons to use in feeding undernourished children. The Junior Red Cross in each of the twelve rooms in the Prichard, Alabama, School provides sandwiches and fruit for two children every day. Forty children are fed free of charge in the school cafeteria every day.

In the cities, many families need other things besides food and clothing. Newark, New Jersey, Juniors have even paid gas and electric bills, given mattresses, coal, a gas stove. In some cases these New Jersey students have worked together with a church or welfare agency in getting lunches for pupils. Members in Brookline, Massachusetts, collected old eyeglass frames and had lenses fitted to them for needy children. They also found toothpaste a welcome gift to those who could no longer buy it.

Passaic, New Jersey, Juniors paid for 302 massage treatments for victims of infantile paralysis. Two hundred fifty-six children were provided with clothing by members in Fairmont, West Virginia. These Juniors also supplied milk and cod-liver oil to fifty-six undernourished children. The domestic science classes made one hundred handkerchiefs for a tuberculosis hospital.

Soap was one of the things that Junior members in the McDaniel School, Springfield, Missouri, found the unemployed people of their town needed badly. So they decided to make some. Members in all the grades saved grease at home from day to day, and, when they had collected a good deal, they brought it to school. They read the directions about making soap in their readers and on the packages of lye which they purchased. Then, because lye is so strong that it can burn a person dangerously, they got

the grandmother of one of the girls to help them mix the things after they had got them ready. They made seventy-eight cakes of the soap in all, which they gave to the city nurse and to the secretary of the senior Red Cross to distribute to needy families. And they had such an interesting time making the soap and the people they gave it to were so glad to get it that they decided to make it every month.

The Wallace Junior Red Cross of Hammond, Indiana, has established a cobbler's shop in the basement of the school. There shoes of the needy are soled and repaired during school hours so it is unnecessary to have any pupils miss school. The work is being done by the unemployed fathers of the school. The earnings of the Junior Red Cross pay for the materials used. The various rooms made a drive to collect old shoes that could be used. A shoemaker of the neighborhood donated some shoe leather, several pairs of shoes, rubber heels and other materials. The very first day the shop was opened, ten pairs of shoes were repaired.

Members in Canton, Ohio, have been making rugs from the scraps of government cotton that could not be used in any other way. They meet at the Red Cross workrooms on Saturday afternoons. Some Juniors may like to follow the example of the seniors in Seneca County, Ohio, who made flannel scraps, left after garments had been cut out, into mittens for children.

Busy Days for Juniors



The Juniors above got permission to glean a cotton field near their school, Delta View, in Kings County, California. They took several hundred pounds of the cotton to the nearest gin and exchanged it for clean cotton. This they gave to their county Red Cross Chapter for production work. Members in Kings School in the same county are shown at the right with a quilt they filled with some of this cotton. They made two quilts and every member took part. Even the beginners tied knots. The work was done in the industrial art period in their school time

JUNIORS of Horace Greeley School, Chappaqua, New York, have been engaged in an unusual project. Armed with boxes, they roamed across country, through the woods, collecting all kinds of nature specimens, including





Juniors at the Santa Clara Indian School, Espanola, New Mexico, in costume for the pageant they gave on Washington's Birthday

seventeen varieties of evergreens, hornets' nests, moss, skins shed by snakes. These boxes were sent to the Museum of Natural History in New York, where they were distributed to schools whose nature-study teachers were clamoring for more material.

JUNIORS of the Halstead Avenue School, Harrison, New York, sent two boxes of books to the Caney Creek settlement in Kentucky. Juniors of the Wilson School, Mount Vernon, sent quilting material to the women of Caney Creek and books and toys for their children. They also planted bulbs to distribute in local hospitals.

MESSAGES of sympathy sent by Juniors of the United States to fellow members in Puerto Rico following the hurricane last fall were all published in *El Mundo*, one of the leading daily papers of San Juan. All the Puerto Rican Juniors were much pleased with the thought of their comrades. Lucila del Valle,



The cast of "Sketches from J. R. C. History" given by members in Parker Junior High School, Chicago, Illinois. The play can be had in mimeographed form on request from National Headquarters

representative of Puerto Rico at the 1932 Convention, sent this letter to the Juniors of Connecticut in reply to their message of sympathy:

It was with great pleasure that I received your very kind message of sympathy to the Puerto Rican Juniors in our recent disaster. I have passed on your message to all the Juniors of Puerto Rico by means of our daily press, and I wish to express on behalf of the Juniors of my Chapter and for my-

self our deepest gratitude to the Connecticut Juniors for their sympathy and good wishes for their fellow members of Puerto Rico.

THEIR correspondence with one of Dr. Grenfell's Newfoundland missions is the subject of a letter to fellow Juniors in Fulton School, Wheeling, West Virginia, from members in Minersville School, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

As you know, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell conducts a hospital and a mission school for orphans of fishermen at St. Anthony's, Newfoundland. We saw in the JUNIOR RED CROSS News that these orphan children made rag rugs out of discarded silk stockings, so our Juniors sent about one

hundred pairs and two boxes of dye—red and green—to dye the rags bright colors. We also sent one dozen black oilcloth dolls made by the 3A's to the mission and were told that these had been carried far and wide over Newfoundland by the district nurse and given to the little girls who had never before had a doll.

NEW HARTFORD School Juniors in Utica, New York, made a circus. They began with a sort of doll-house circus tent with gay pennants flying from it. Then they made cardboard figures of animals, clowns, acrobats and ringmaster. They made a wall paper runner of a circus parade. Four delegates from the class took the circus to Broadacres, the sanatorium for tubercular children. "Before we left," they said, "the children and teacher were sitting on the floor putting the animals and circus people in their proper places."

TWENTY-FIVE Pueblo Indian children attend the Chicale Day School at Isleta, New Mexico. They worked all fall to earn their membership in the Junior Red Cross, and finally sent \$1.70. Fifty cents of this was for their enrollment supplies; the rest they asked to have given to the National Children's Fund. These are some of the ways they earned the money: Washed dishes and swept the floors for mother; picked up chips for mother; took care of the baby for mother; hunted and brought in cows for father; fed the cows for father; helped father bale alfalfa hay; carried in boards and helped father build a chicken-house; cleaned father's automobile; watered horses and sheep for father.

MEMBERS in the U. S. Indian School, Phoenix, Arizona, correspond with Handy Avenue School, Elmira, New York. Lately they sent this letter:

We were very pleased with the album sent us and we will send you something for your museum soon. Just now we cannot tell you what it will be. It will have to be a surprise.

Maybe we can send you a book of Indian poems (Indian translations) before spring. We are learning them for part of our reading work.

We have had the flu already this fall. Ninety-one boys in our school came down with it one day. About two hundred children had it. They turned two of our classrooms into wards. Today the boys are moving the beds out and moving the seats back. Last night they fumigated. We smell very bad today.

Do you know how to make an Indian tom-tom? This is the way one of our sixth-grade boys made one. He took a gallon can from which the top had been cut. In it he put a little water and a few small rocks. Then he wet a piece of chamois skin and stretched it over the open top and tied it. He painted the can with enamel paints. When the skin was dry he drew an Indian design on the leather. It is beaten with a small stick on which a ball of cloth is wrapped. It makes a very nice sound.

NICHOLS Junior High School, Mount Vernon, New York, bought a number of pillows and covered them with bright-colored cretonne. These were sent to a veterans' hospital to lend a touch of color and add cheerfulness to the wards.

JUNIORS of Martinsburg, West Virginia, conducted thread and button days in each room to get findings for the Chapter.

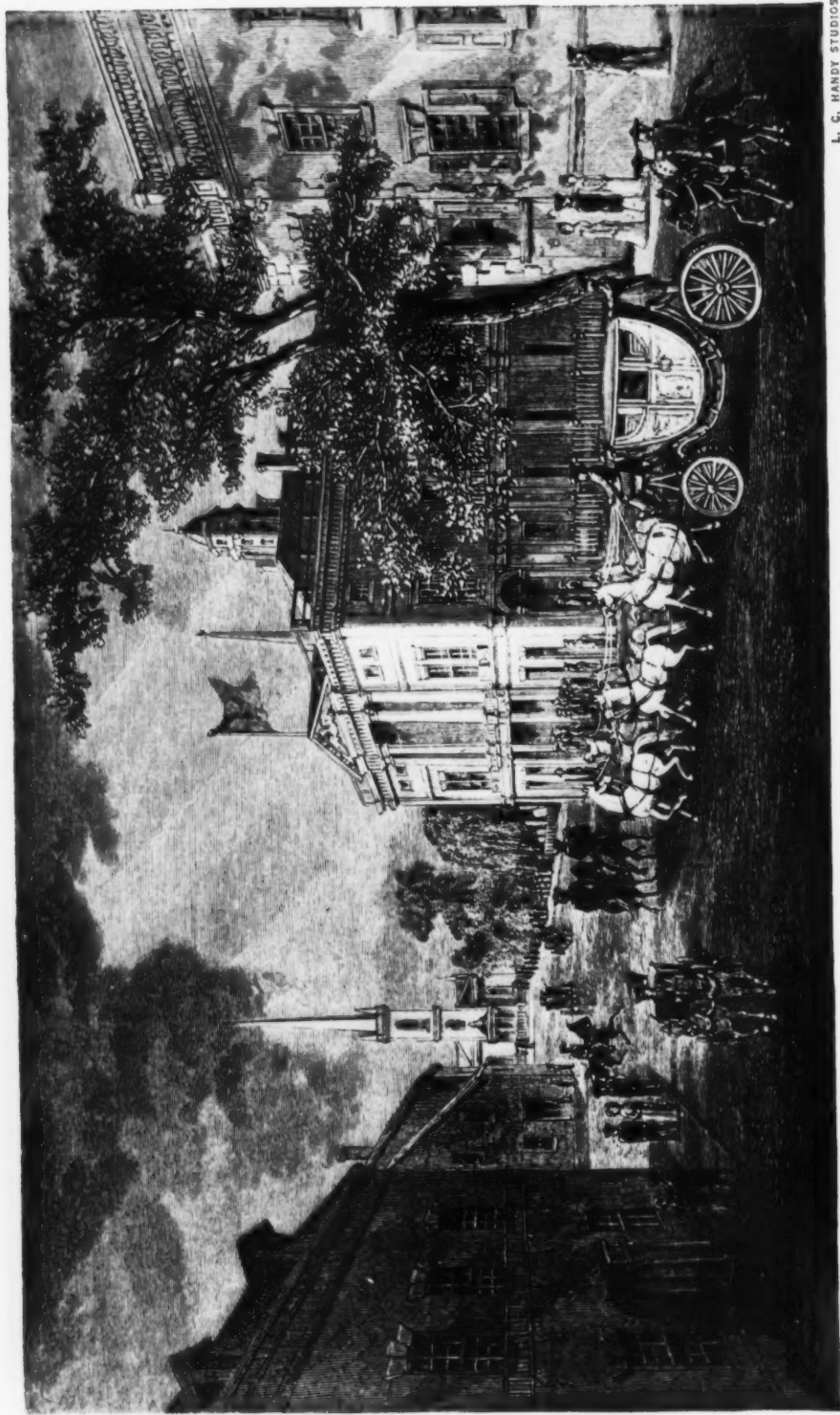


Third-grade Juniors in Terry, Montana, made bird houses

TABLE OF CONTENTS

March, 1933

	Page
THE CLOWN	George Carlson Cover
SPRING	Thomas Nashe Frontispiece
	Decoration by Eleanor Klemm
CROOKED EARS AND THE CAMEL	Elizabeth Foreman Lewis 147
	Illustrations by Kurt Wiese
THE SILK FUNNEL	Edith M. Patch 150
	Illustrations by R. Bruce Horsfall
THE STORY OF MONEY, PART I	Mary G. Kelly 152
A FAMOUS HARE	155
EDITORIALS	156
SOMETHING TO READ	157
"DOWN NORTH" IN LABRADOR	158
HIDEYO NOGUCHI	Virginia McBryde 160
JUNIORS IN OTHER COUNTRIES	162
JUNIORS TAKE THEIR PART	164
BUSY DAYS FOR JUNIORS	165
THE FIRST INAUGURATION	166



L. C. HANDY STUDIOS

THE FIRST INAUGURATION

Washington in his coach on his way to his first Inauguration in New York City, April 30, 1789

